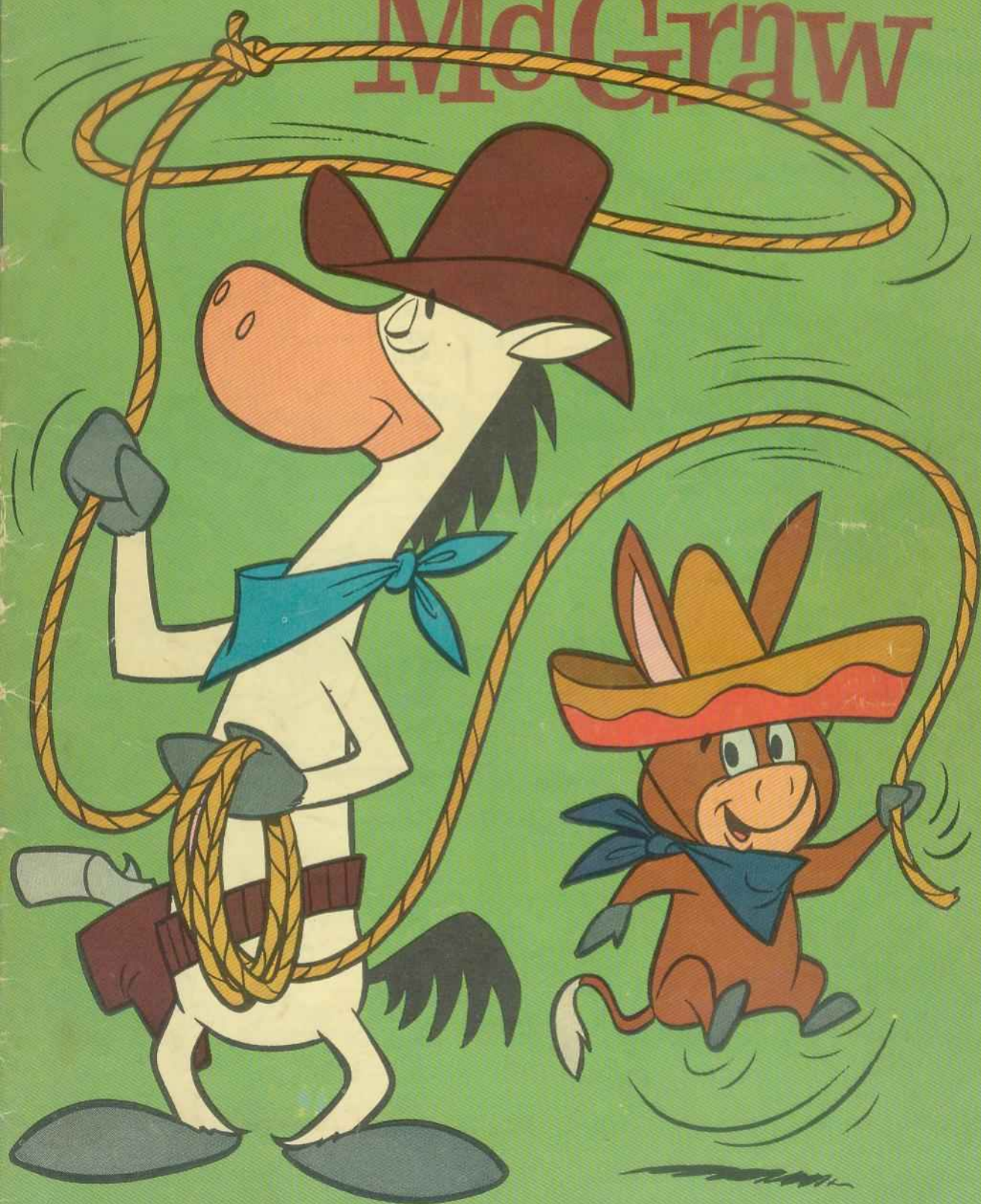


DELL

JULY-SEPT.

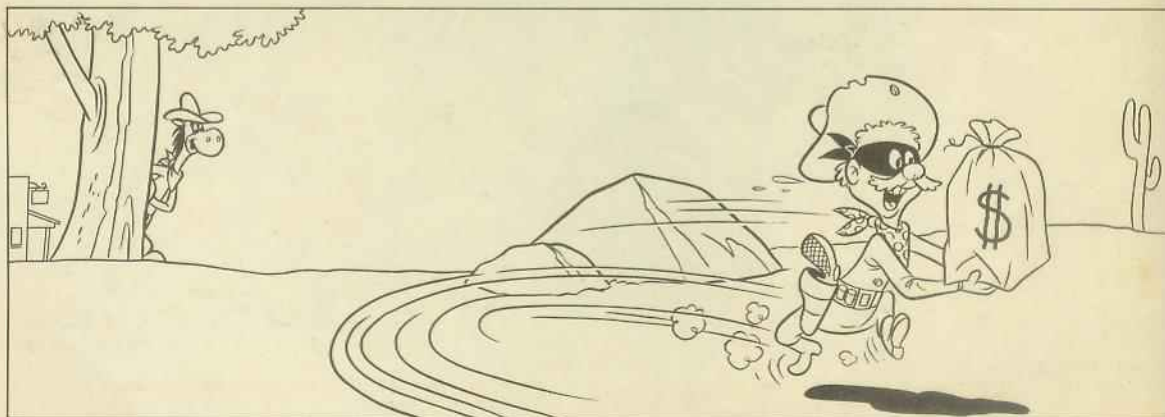
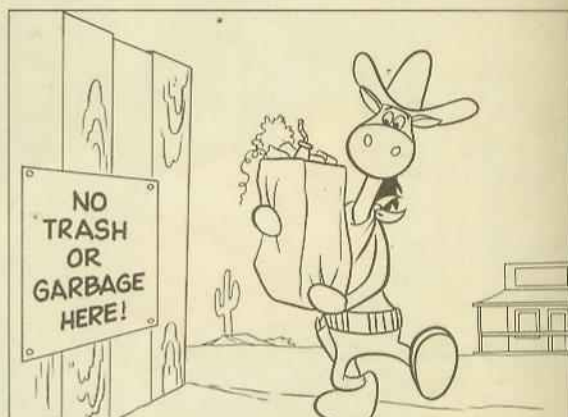
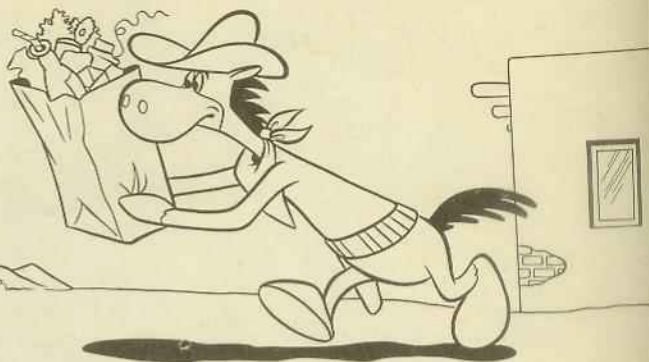
Still 10¢

Quick Draw McGraw



Quick Draw McGraw

HOLDING THE SACK



Quick Draw McGraw EL KABONG BONGS AGAIN

IN THE EARLY DAYS, OLD CALIFORNIA WAS ONCE RULED BY A CRUEL AND HEARTLESS OPPRESSOR...BY NAME, COMANDANTE BEN CHILADO! ONLY ONE MAN STOOD IN THE WAY OF HIS EVIL DEEDS...EL KABONG!



YOU HAVEN'T PAID YOUR "NO TALKING" TAXES!

BUT...BUT...

NO TALKING ALLOWED—
EXCEPT UPON
PAYMENT OF
50 PESOS
TALKING TAX.



GET HIM, YOU FOOLS! AFTER HIM! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE OUR CLUTCHES!

SI, SI,
COMANDANTE!



THIS OUGHTA SLOW THEM DOWN! HERE THEY COME, QUEEKSTRAW!

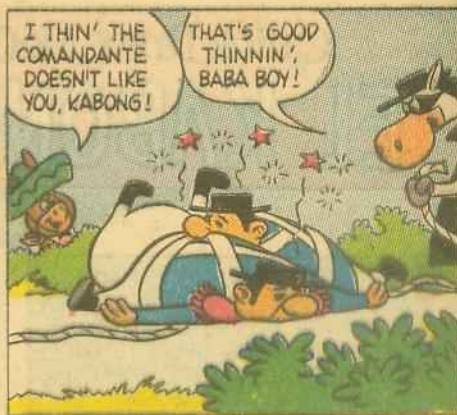
NOT SO LOUD, BABA BOY! NOBODY MUST KNOW THAT I, EL KABONG, AM REALLY AND TRULY NONE OTHER THAN QUICK DRAW MCGRAW IN DISGUISE!



Q.D.M.G. #3-607

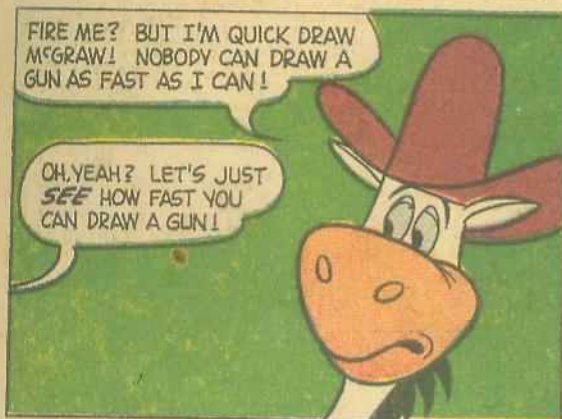
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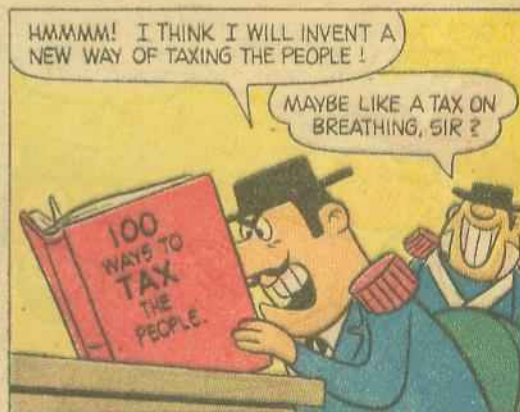
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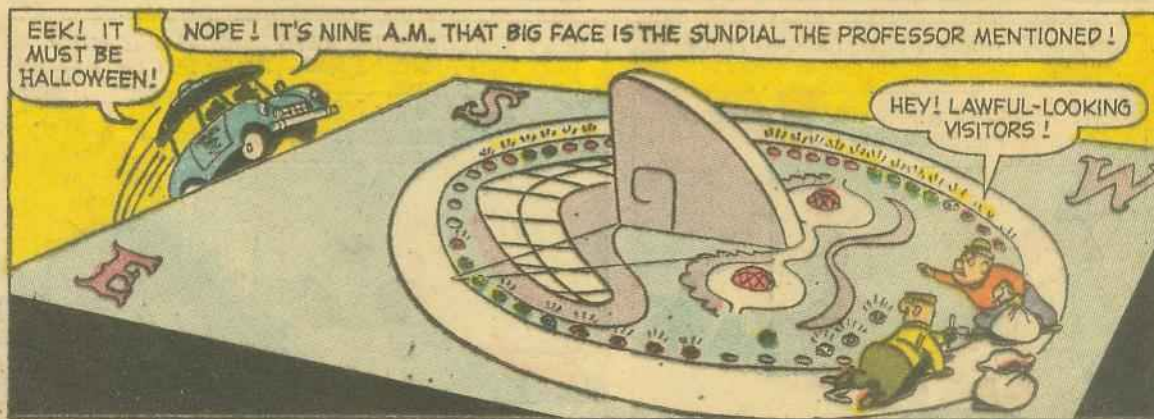


SNOOPER and BLABBER THE GEM JAM











HMM...THOSE GEM PICKERS HAVE GUNS IN THEIR GEM-PICKING HANDS!

I'LL GET OUR GUN FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT!



HURRY UP, BLAB... THEY'RE ALMOST HERE!

I'M TRYING, SNOOP...



BUT I CAN'T FIND OUR GUN FOR ALL THE GLOVES IN OUR GLOVE COMPARTMENT!

WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAN IT OUT ONE OF THESE DAYS!



STICK 'EM UP!

HAH! CAN'T SCARE US! THIS IS A BULLET-PROOF CAR!



WHAT?

YIKES! AND ALL THE TIME I THOUGHT THAT WAS EXTRA CLEAN BULLET-PROOF GLASS!



BUT YOU CAN'T CATCH US THAT EASY! WE'RE SHIFTY PRIVATE EYES!

THAT'S IT! SHIFT INTO REVERSE, SNOOP!



COME BACK HERE!

N-NOT SO FAST, SNOOP!

YOU WANNA ESCAPE, DON'T YOU?

BUMPETY!
BUMP!



KA-BUMP!
BUMP!

YEAH, BUT THE CAR CAN'T TAKE IT! WE JUST FLIPPED OUR LID!







SWIMMING SWITCHERY



Tap, tap, tap, came a knock on the hollow tree in which Little Hoot and his father, the Wise Old Owl, made their home. Little Hoot opened the door and peered out.

"Who are you?" he inquired of a tiny, fluffy yellow duckling who stood before him, looking very sad indeed.

"Pardon me, but are you the Wise Old Owl?" inquired the little duckling.

"Well-I-I," replied Little Hoot, feeling rather flattered that he was mistaken for his illustrious father, "I'm an owl, all right, and all owls are very wise, you know, and..."

The little duckling interrupted before he could finish. "Oh, goodie, I'm glad I found you in. My name is Denmore Duck, and I have a problem."

"You came to the right place. We owls are always helping folks, because we're so smart. What seems to be your trouble?"

"I can't swim. I'm afraid of the water," sighed little Denmore, coming right to the point. "For a duck, this is terribly embarrassing. All my friends laugh at me. I thought maybe you could teach me how to swim, since you owls are so wise and know all about everything."

"If that's all that's bothering you, I'll be happy to teach you to swim. It's really very simple, I'm sure."

When they got to the pond near the edge of the forest, Little Hoot perched on a tree limb which extended out over the water.

"All you have to do is jump into the water and start paddling around."

Little Hoot had watched other ducks on the pond, and he felt that his instruction would surely work for Denmore Duck. It always seemed to work for the other ducks.

Denmore Duck timidly approached the edge of the pond and very, very cautiously

stuck his little webbed foot into the water. Quickly he yanked it out again.

"It's too cold... and too wet... and..."

"No, no, no," hooted Little Hoot. "That's not the way to do it. You're supposed to hop in, all at once. Look! I'll show you."

Little Hoot was so carried away with his teaching that he jumped right into the water and landed with a splash, completely forgetting that he was an owl.

But, being an owl, he knew nothing about swimming, and although he flapped his wings with all his might, he began to sink. Down, down he went until he was completely under the water. As he disappeared from sight, air bubbles rose to the surface.

"Hooray," shouted Denmore Duck. "You're wonderful. You can even swim under water. I wish I was talented like that."

Denmore never dreamed that Little Hoot could not swim. He thought Little Hoot was putting on a show for him. At least, that's what he thought until his owl friend fought his way back to the surface.

"Help! Help! Save me!" screamed Little Hoot. "I can't swim! Save me!"

Denmore Duck suddenly realized what had happened. Without a moment's hesitation, he dove into the water and swam rapidly to his friend. Completely forgetting about being afraid of the water, he grabbed the little owl in his bill, and, with his webbed feet churning like windmills, made his way back to shore.

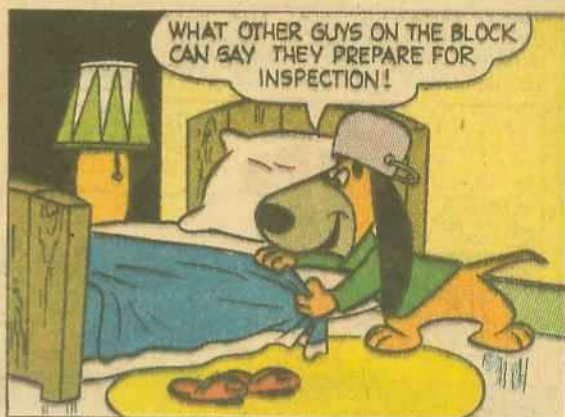
"Thanks for teaching me to swim," said the duckling, after they were safe ashore. "If you hadn't fallen in, I probably never would have gotten up the courage to swim."

"Don't mention it," said Little Hoot. "But do me a favor. Next time you want help, please insist on seeing the Wise Old Owl."

AUGIE DOGGIE ARMY STUFF

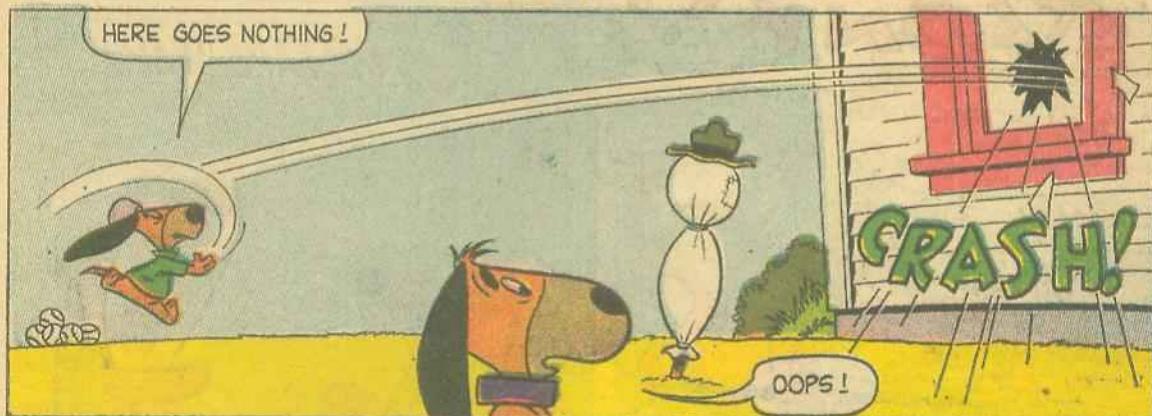
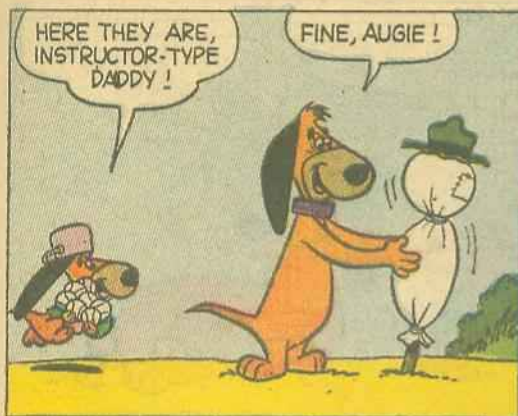


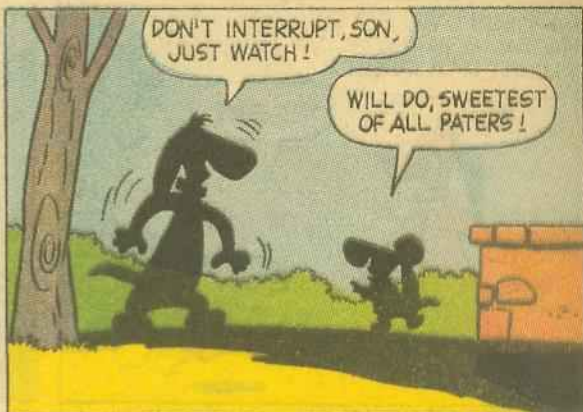






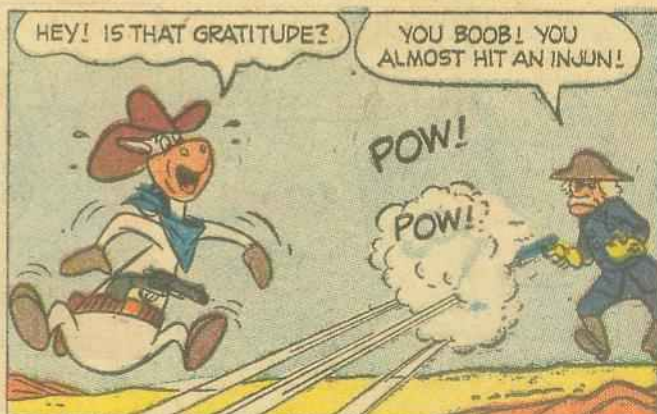
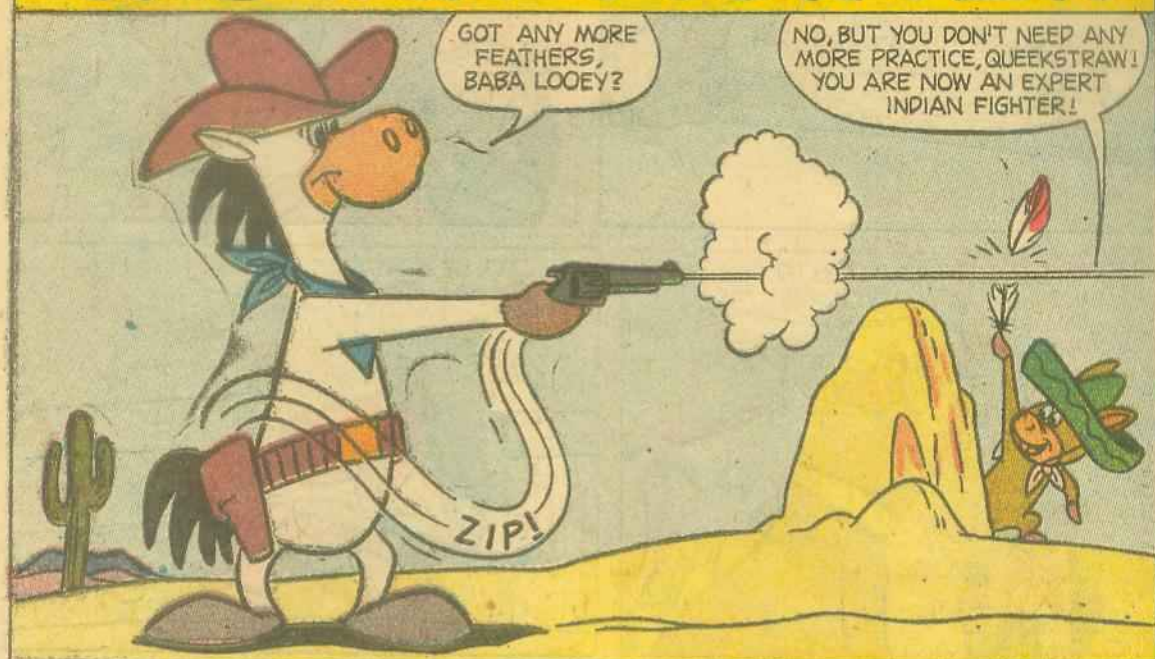


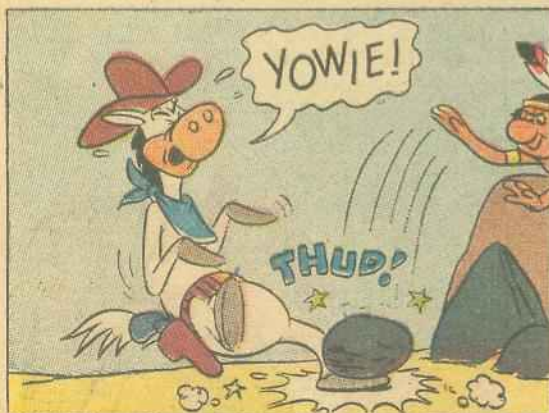


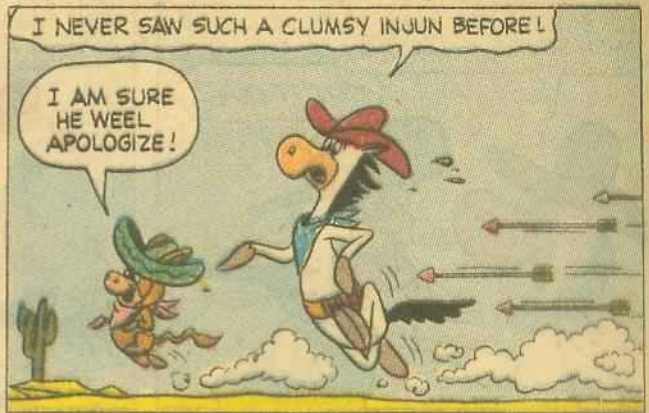




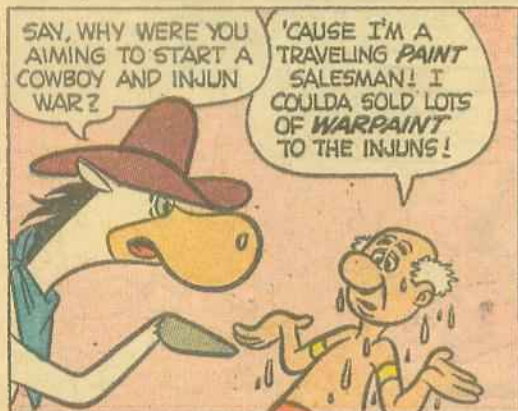
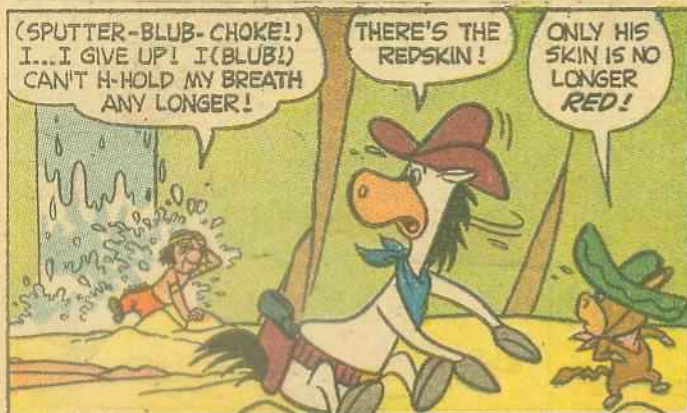
Quick Draw McGraw INDIAN FIGHTER











DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

QUICK DRAW McGRAW

PRIVATE PARTY

WH-WHERE'S THAT WATER HOLE?

STRAIGHT AHEAD,
I THIN'!

